office with me and slowly rolling his left pant-leg up over the brace in order to adjust it. I remember following behind him as he did rounds. Every hour he led the way around the house up and down four flights of stairs from basement to third floor. It must have bothered his knees. Still, I remember his sense of humor. He'd been telling me to check that all the windows were locked. He stopped before a window in the rear stairwell and retrieved a baggie that had probably contained a cookie. "Crack cocaine," he muttered.

The next night I worked alone. Gabriel, Jack and Frederick (not Fred) were like sharks that smelled fresh blood, the manager's metaphor for the initiation of a relief person. They went through a lot of relief people. During the day they were only supposed to come for a cigarette, and only on the hour. Frederick (not Fred) didn't even have any cigs. After midnight they weren't supposed to come at all. When I said so, Gabriel told me that it had been changed. The manager said so. It was the rule. I was so naïve that I almost believed him.

I saw Jack looking at Gabriel with that sidelong expression of his that meant something was up. Gabriel was scamming. Jack was usually scamming too. He was what Caspar called a "predator," but he was also a lone hunter. He wasn't sure he wanted to be in on Gabriel's scam, or in with Gabriel at least. He usually got whatever Gabriel had anyway. He was short and slight with a stoop that gave him a slinking air. He was always repeating "I'm a handsome guy" but he was really very